THE MEDALL.

A SATYRE AGAINST SEDITION.

By the Authour of *Absalom* and *Achitophel.*

Per Graiùm *populos, mediæq; per* Elidis *Urbem*
Ibat ovans; Divumque *sibi poscebat Honores.*

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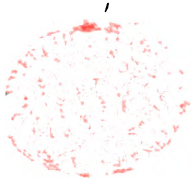

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EPISTLE

To the

WHIGS.

FOR to whom can I dedicate this Poem, with so much justice as to you? 'Tis the representation of your own Heroe: 'tis the Picture drawen at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your Ornaments are wanting; neither the Landscap of the Tower, nor the Rising Sun; nor the Anno Domini of your New Soveraign's Coronation. This must needs be a gratefull undertaking to your whole Party: especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the Original. I hear the Graver has made a good Market of it: all his Kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder so inhanc'd, that many a poor Polander who would be glad to worship the Image, is not able to go to the cost of him: But must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great Artist; but Sign-post painting will serve the turn to remember a Friend by; especially when better is not to be had. Yet for your comfort the lineaments are true: and though he sate not five times to me, as he did to B. yet I have consulted History; as Italian Painters do, when they wou'd draw a Nero or a Caligula; though they have not seen the Man, they can help their Imagination by a Statue of him, and find out the Colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spar'd one side of your Medall: the Head wou'd be seen to more advantage, if it were plac'd on a Spike of the Tower; a little nearer to the Sun.

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Which now they then break out to better purpose. You tell us in your Preface to the No-protestant Plot, *that you shall be forc'd hereafter to leave off your Modestie: I suppose you mean that little which is left you: for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medall. Never was there practis'd such a piece of notorious Impudence in the face of an Establish'd Government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in Thumb-Rings, as the* Turks *did* Scanderbeg; *as if there were vertue in his Bones to preserve you against Monarchie. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the Publick good; but a due veneration for the person of the King. But all men who can see an inch before them, may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessarie for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you: for without them there could be no ground to raise a Faction. But I would ask you one civil question, what right has any man among you, or any Association of men, (to come nearer to you) who out of Parliament, cannot be consider'd in a publick Capacity, to meet, as you daily doe, in Factious Clubs, to vilifie the Government in your Discourses, and to libel it in all your Writings? who made you Judges in* Israel? *or how is it consistent with your Zeal of the publick Welfare, to promote Sedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to serve the King according to the Laws, allow you the licence of traducing the Executive Power, with which you own he is invested? You complain that his Majestie has lost the love and confidence of his People: and by your very urging it, you endeavour what in you lies, to make him lose them. All good Subjects abhor the thought of Arbitrary Power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the Patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the Multitude to assume it: for no sober man can fear it, either from the King's disposition, or his Practice: or even, where you would odiously lay it, from his Ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the Government and the benefit of Laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our Posterity. You are not the Trustees of the publick Liberty: and if you have not right to petition in a Crowd, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of affairs: or*

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or to arraign what you do not like: which in effect is every thing that is done by the King and Council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his Majesty, when 'tis apparent that your Seditious Pamphlets are stuff'd with particular Reflexions on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, 'tis easy to be evinc'd from a thousand Passages, which I only forbear to quote, because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perus'd many of your Papers; and to show you that I have, the third part of your No-protestant Plot *is much of it stolen, from your dead Author's Pamphlet call'd, the* Growth of Popery: *as manifestly as* Milton's *defence of the* English *People, is from* Buchanan, *de jure regni apud Scotos: or your first Covenant, and new Association, from the holy League of the* French Guisards. *Any one who reads* Davila, *may trace your Practices all along. There were the same pretences for Reformation, and Loyalty, the same Aspersions of the King, and the same grounds of a Rebellion. I know not whether you will take the Historian's word, who says it was reported, that* Poltrot *a* Hugonot, *murther'd* Francis *Duke of* Guise *by the instigations of* Theodore Beza: *or that it was a* Hugonot *Minister, otherwise call'd a* Presbyterian, (*for our Church abhors so dev'lish a Tenent*) *who first writ a Treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murthering Kings, of a different Perswasion in Religion: but I am able to prove from the Doctrine of* Calvin, *and Principles of* Buchanan, *that they set the People above the Magistrate: which if I mistake not, is your own Fundamental: and which carries your Loyalty no further than your liking. When a Vote of the House of Commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it, as if it were pass'd into a Law: But when you are pinch'd with any former, and yet unrepealed* Act of Paliament, *you declare that in some cases, you will not be oblig'd by it. The Passage is in the same third part of the* No-protestant Plot: *& is too plain to be denied. The late Copy of your intended Association, you neither wholly justify nor condemn; But, as the Papists, when they are unoppos'd, fly out into all the Pageantry's of Worship; but in times of War, when they are hard press'd by Argu-*

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ments, lie clos intrinch'd behind the Council of Trent: So, now, when your Affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal Combination, but whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintain'd and justify'd to purpose. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the Sword: 'tis the proper time to say any thing, when men have all things in their power.

In the meantime you wou'd fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this Association, and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly opposite to the other: one with the Queens approbation, and conjunction, as head of it: the other without either the consent, or knowledge of the King, against whose Authority it is manifestly designed. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last Evasion, that it was contriv'd by your Enemies, and shuffled into the Papers that were seiz'd: which yet you see the Nation is not so easy to believe as your own Fury; But the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in New-gate, who wou'd acquit a Malefactour.

I have one onely favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this Poem, you wou'd employ the same Pens against it, who have combated with so much success against Absalom and Achitophel: for then you may assure your selves of a clear Victory, without the least reply. Raile at me abundantly; and, not to break a Custome, doe it without wit: By this method you will gain a considerable point, which is wholly to wave the answer of my Arguments: Never own the botome of your Principles, for fear they shou'd be Treason. Fall severly on the miscarriages of Government for if scandal be not allow'd, you are no freeborn subjects. If God has not bless'd you with the Talent of Rhiming, make use of my poor Stock and welcom: let your Verses run upon my feet: and for the utmost refuge of notorious Block-heads, reduc'd to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me, and in utter despaire of your own Satyre, make me Satyrize my self. Some of you have been driven to this Bay alreadie; But above all the rest commend me to the Nonconformist Parson, who writ the VVhip and Key. I am afraid it is

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not read so much as the Piece deserves because the Bookseller is every week crying help at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to doe him a kindness, that it may be publish'd as well as printed; and that so much skill in Hebrew Derivations, ma not lie for wast-paper in the Shop. Yet I half suspect he went no far ther for his learning, than the Index of Hebrew Names and Etymo logies, which is printed at the end of some English Bibles. If Achitophel signify the Brother of a Fool, the Author of that Poem will pass with his Readers for the next of kin; perhaps 'tis the Relation that makes the kindness. Whatever the Verses are, buy 'em up I beseech you out of pity; for I hear the Conventicle is shut up, and the Brother of Achitophel out of service.

Now Footmen, you know, have the generositie to make a Purse, for a member of their Society, who has had his Livery pull'd over his Ears: and even Protestant Socks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A Dissenter in Poetry from Sense and English, will make as good a Protestant Rhymer, as a Dissenter from the Church of England a Protestant Parson. Besides if you encourage a young Beginner, who knows but he may elevate his stile a little, above the vulgar Epithets of prophane, and sawcy Jack, and Atheistick Scribler, with which he treats me, when the fit of Enthusiam is strong upon him: by which well-manner'd and charitable Expressions, I was certain of his Sect, before I knew his name. What wou'd you have more of a man? he has damn'd me in your Cause from Genesis to the Revelations: And has half the Texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to your selves as to take him for your interpreter; and not to take them for Irish Witnesses. After all, perhaps you will tell me, that you retain'd him only for the opening of your Cause, and that your main Lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he meet with no more reply than his Predecessours, you may either conclude, that I trust to the goodness of my Cause, or fear my Adversary or disdain him, or what you please, for the short on't is, 'tis indifferent to your humble servant, whatever your Party says or thinks of him.

Upon

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ONCE more our awfull Poet Arms, t'engage
The threatning Hydra-Faction of the Age:
Once more prepares his dreadful Pen to wield,
And ev'ry Muse attends him to the Field;
By Art and Nature for this Task design'd,
Yet modestly the Fight He long declin'd;
Forbore the Torrent of his Verse to pour,
Nor loos'd his Satyre till the needful Hour:
His Sov'raigns Right by Patience half betray'd,
VVak'd his Avenging Genius to it's Aid.
Blest Muse, whose VVit with such a Cause was Crown'd,
And blest the Cause that such a Champion found.
VVith chosen Verse upon the Foe he falls,
And black Sedition in each Quarter galls;
Yet, like a Prince with Subjects forc'd t'engage,
Secure of Conquest He rebates his Rage:
His Fury not without Distinction sheds,
Hurls mortal Bolts but on devoted Heads:
To less infected Members gentle sound,
Or spares or else pours Balm into the VVound.
Such gen'rous Grace th' ingrateful Tribe abuse,
And trespass on the Mercy of his Muse;
Their wretched dogrell Rhymers forth they bring
To Snarl and Bark against the Poet's King:
A Crew, that scandalize the Nation more
Than all their Treason-canting Priests before!
On these He scarce vouchsafes a scornful smile,
But on their Pow'rful Patrons turns his Stile.
A Stile so keen, as ev'n from Faction draws
The Vital Poyson, stabs to th' Heart their Cause.
Take then, great Bard, what Tribute we can raise:
Accept our Thanks, for you transcend our Praise.

TO

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To the Unknown Author of the following Poem, and that of Absalom *and* Achitophel.

THUS pious ignorance, with dubious praise,
Altars of old to Gods unknown did raise;
They knew not the lov'd Deity, they knew
Divine effects a cause Divine did shew;
Nor can we doubt, when such these Numbers are,
Such is their cause, tho the worst Muse shall dare
Their sacred worth in humble Verse declare.
As gentle *Thames* charm'd with thy tuneful Song
Glides in a peaceful Majesty along,
No rebell Stone, no lofty Bank does brave
The easie passage of his silent wave,
So sacred Poet, so thy Numbers flow,
Sinewy, yet mild as happy Lovers woe;
Strong, yet harmonious too as Planets move,
Yet soft as Down upon the Wings of Love.
How sweet do's Vertue in your dress appear,
How much more charming, when much less severe
Whilst you our senses harmlesly beguile,
With all th' allurements of your happy Stile,
Y' insinuate Loyalty with kind deceit,
And into sence th' unthinking Many cheat:
So the sweet *Thracian* with his charming lyre
Into rude Nature virtue did inspire,
So he the savage herd to reason drew,
Yet scarce so sweet, so charmingly as you,
O that you would with some such powerful Charm
Enervate *Albion* to just valour warm!
Whether much suffering *Charles* shall Theam afford
Or the great Deeds of God-like *James's* Sword,
Again fair Gallia might be ours, again
Another Fleet might Pass the subject main.

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Another *Edward* lead the *Britains* on,
Or such an *Ossory* as you did moan;
While in such Numbers you, in such a strain
Inflame their courage, and reward their pain.
Let false *Achitophel* the rout engage,
Talk easie *Absalom* to rebel rage;
Let frugal *Shimei* curse in holy Zeal,
Or modest *Corah* more new Plots reveal;
Whilst constant to himself, secure of fate,
Good *David* still maintains the Royal State;
Tho each in vain such various ills employs,
Firmly he stands, and even those ills enjoys;
Firm as fair *Albion* midst the raging Main,
Surveys encircling danger with disdain.
In vain the waves assault the unmov'd shore,
In vain the winds with mingled fury rore.
Fair *Albion*'s beauteous Cliffs shine whiter than before.
Nor shalt thou move, tho Hell thy fall conspire,
Tho the worse rage of zeal's Fanatick Fire,
Thou best, thou greatest of the *British* race,
Thou only fit to fill Great *Charles*'s his place.
Ah wratched *Britains*! ah too stubborn Isle!
Ah stiff-neck't *Israel* on blest *Canaan*'s, *soyl*!
Are those dear proofs of Heaven's Indulgence vain,
Restoring *David* and his gentle raign?
Is it in vain thou all the Goods dost know
Auspicious Stars on Mortals shed below,
While all thy streams with Milk, thy Lands with Honey flow?
No more fond Isle, no more they self engage,
In civil fury, and intestine rage;
No rebel zeal thy duteous Land molest,
But a smooth Calm sooth every peacefull breast,
While in such Charming notes Divinely sings,
The best of Poets, of the best of Kings.

THE

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The Medall,

A SATYRE AGAINST SEDITION

OF all our Antick Sights, and Pageantry
Which *Engliſh* Idlers run in crowds to ſee,
The *Poliſh Medall* bears the prize alone:
A Monſter, more the Favourite of the Town
Than either Fayrs or Theatres have ſhown
Never did Art ſo well with Nature ſtrive;
Nor ever Idol ſeem'd ſo much alive:
So like the Man; ſo golden to the ſight,
So baſe within, ſo counterfeit and light.
One ſide is fill'd with Title and with Face,
And, leſt the King ſhou'd want a regal Place,
On the reverſe, a Tow'r the Town ſurveys,
O'er which our mounting Sun his beams diſplays,
The Word, pronounc'd aloud by Shrieval voice,
Lætamur which, in *Poliſh*, is *rejoice*,
The Day, Month, Year, to the great Act are join'd
And a new Canting Holiday deſign'd.
Five daies he ſate, for every caſt and look,

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Four more than God to finish *Adam* took.
But who can tell what Essence Angels are,
Or how long Heav'n was making *Lucifer*?
Oh, cou'd the Style that copy'd every grace,
And plough'd such furrows for an Eunuch face,
Cou'd it have form'd his ever-changing will
The various Piece had tir'd the Graver's Skill!
A Martial Heroe first, with early care,
Blown, like a Pigmee by the VVinds, to war.
A beardless Chief, a Rebel, e're a Man,
(So young his hatred to his Prince began)
Next this, (How wildly will Ambition steer.)
A Vermin wriggling in the th' Usurper's Ear.
Bart'ring his venal wit for sums of gold
He cast himself into the Saint-like mould;
Groan'd, sigh'd and pray'd, while Godliness was gain
The lowdest Bagpipe of the squeaking Train
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a Juggler's eyes,
His open lewdness he cou'd ne'er disguise.
There split the Saint: for *Hypocritique* zeal
Allows no Sins but those it can conceal.
Whoring to scandal gives too large a scope.
Saints must not trade, but they may interlope.
Th' ungodly Principle was all the same;
But a gross Cheat betrays his Partner's Game.
Besides, their pace was formal, grave and slack:
His nimble Wit outran the heavy Pack.
Yet still he found his Fortune at a stay
Whole drovesof Block heads choaking up his way;
They took, but not rewarded, his advice,
Villain and Wit exact a double price.
Pow'r was his aym: but, thrown from that pretence,
The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence,
And Malice reconcil'd him to his Prince.
Him, in the anguish of his Soul he serv'd,

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Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd
Behold him now exalted into trust,
His Counsel's oft convenient, seldom just.
Ev'n in the most sincere advice he gave
He had a grudging still to be a Knave.
The Frauds he learnt in his Fanatique years
Made him uneasy in his lawful gears.
At best as little honest as he cou'd,
And, like white Witches, mischievously good.
To his first byas, longingly he leans,
And *rather* wou'd be great by wicked means.
Thus, fram'd for ill, he loos'd our Triple hold.
(Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold.)
From hence those tears! that *Ilium* of our woe!
Who helps a powr'ful Friend, fore-arms a Foe
What wonder if the waves prevail so far
When He cut down the Banks that made the bare
Seas follow but their Nature to invade.
But He by Art our native Strength betray'd
So *Sampson* to his Foe his force confest.
And, to be shorn, lay slumb'ring on her breast
But, when this fatal Counsel, found too late,
Expos'd its Authour to the publique hate,
When his just Sovereign, by no impious way,
Cou'd be seduc'd to Arbitrary sway.
Forsaken of that hope, he shifts the sayle:
Drives down the Current with a pop'lar gale.
And shews the Fiend confess'd without a vaile.
He preaches to the Crowd, that Pow'r is lent,
But not convey'd to Kingly Government.
That Claimes successive bear no binding force.
That Coronation Oaths are things of course.
Maintains the Multitude can never err.
And sets the People in the Papal Chair.

The

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The reason's obvious; *Int'reſt never lyes*
The moſt have ſtill their Int'reſt in their eyes,
The pow'r is alwaies theirs, and pow'r is ever wiſe,
Almighty Crowd, thou ſhorten'ſt all diſpute,
Pow'r is thy Eſſence, *Wit* thy Attribute.
Nor Faith nor *Reaſon* make thee at a ſtay,
Thou leapſt o'r all eternal truths, in thy *Pindarique* way!
Athens, no doubt, did righteouslie decide,
Whem *Phocion* and when *Socrates* were try'd:
As righteouslie they did thoſe dooms repent,
Still they were wiſe, what ever way they went.
Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run,
To kill the Father, and recall the Son.
Some think the Fools were moſt, as times went then
But now the World's o'r ſtock'd with prudent men.
The common Cry is ev'n Religion's Teſt,
The *Turk's* is, at *Conſtantinople*, beſt,
Idols in *India*, Poperie at *Rome*,
And our own Worſhip onelie true at home.
And true, but for the time, 'tis hard to know
How long we pleaſe it ſhall continue ſo.
This ſide to day, and that to morrow burns,
So all are God-a'mighties in their turns.
A Tempting Doctrine, plauſible and new:
What Fools our Fathers were, if this be true.
Who, to deſtroy the ſeeds of Civil War,
Inherent right in Monarchs did declare:
And, that a lawful Pow'r might never ceaſe,
Secur'd Succeſſion, to ſecure our Peace.
Thus, Property and Soveraign Sway, at laſt
In equal Balances were juſtly caſt:
But this new *Jehu* ſpurs the hot mouth'd horſe,
Inſtructs the Beaſt to know his native force,
To take the Bit between his teeth and fly
To the next headlong Steep of Anarchy.

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Too happie *England*, if our good we knew,
Would we possess the freedom we pursue!
The lavish Government can give no more:
Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor.
God try'd us once, our Rebel-fathers fought,
He glutted'em with all the pow'r they sought:
Till, master'd by their own usurping Brave,
The free-born Subject sunk into a Slave.
We loath our Manna, and we long for Quails;
Ah, what is man, when his own wish prevails!
How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill;
Proud of his pow'r, and boundless in his *Will*!
That Kings can doe no wrong we must believe,
None can they doe, and must they all receive?
Help heaven, or sadlie we shall see an hour,
When neither wrong nor right are in their pow'r!
Alreadie they have lost their best defence,
The benefit of Laws, which they dispence
No justice to their righteous Cause allow'd;
But baffled by an Arbitrarie Crowd.
And Medalls grav'd, their Conquest to record,
The Stamp and Coyn of their adopted Lord.
The Man who laugh'd but once, to see an *Ass*
Mumbling to make the cross-grain'd Thistles pass,
Might laugh again, to see a *Furie* chaw
The prickles of unpalatable Law.
The witnesses, that, Leech-like, liv'd on bloud,
Sucking for them were med'cinallie good,
But, when they fasten'd on *their* fester'd Sore,
Then, Justice and Religion they forswore;
Their Mayden Oaths debauch'd into a whore,
Thus Men are rais'd by Factions, and decry'd,
And Rogue and Saint distinguish'd by their Side.
They rack ev'n Scripture to confess their Cause,

And

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And plead a Call to preach, in ſpight of Laws.
But that's no news to the poor injur'd Page:
It has been us'd as ill in every Age:
And is conſtrain'd, with patience, all to take;
For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?
Happy who can this talking Trumpet ſeize;
They make it ſpeak whatever Senſe they pleaſe!
'Twas fram'd, at firſt, our Oracle t' enquire:
But, ſince our Sects in prophecy grow higher,
The Text inſpires not them; but they the Text inſpire.
London, thou great *Emporium* of our Iſle,
O, thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful *Nile*,
How ſhall I praiſe or curſe to thy deſert!
Or ſeparate thy ſound, from thy corrupted part!
I call'd thee *Nile*; the parallel will ſtand:
Thy tydes of wealth o'rflow the fattend Land;
Yet Monſters from thy large increaſe we find;
Engender'd on the Slyme thou leav'ſt behind.
Sedition has not wholly ſeiz'd on thee;
Thy nobler Parts are from infection free.
Of *Iſrael*'s Tribes thou haſt a numerous band:
But ſtill the *Canaanite* is in the Land.
Thy military Chiefs are brave and true:
Nor are thy diſinchanted Burghers few.
The Head is loyal which thy Heart commands:
But what's a Head with two ſuch gouty Hands?
The wiſe and wealthy love the ſureſt way:
And are content to thrive and to obey.
But *Wiſedom* is to Sloath too great a Slave,
None are ſo buſy as the Fool and Knave.
Thoſe let me curſe: what vengeance will they urge,
Whoſe Ordures neit her Plague nor Fire can purge:
Nor ſharp Experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry Heav'n, nor a forgiving King!

In

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In Gospel phraze their Chapmen they betray:
Their Shops are Dens, the Buyer is their Prey.
The Knack of Trades is living on the Spoyl;
They boast, ev'n when each other they beguile.
Customes to steal is such a trivial thing,
That 'tis their Charter, to defraud their King.
All hands unite of every jarring Sect;
They cheat the Country first, and then infect.
They, for God's Cause their Monarch dare dethrone;
And they'll be sure to make his Cause their own.
VVhether the plotting Jesuite lay'd the plan
Of murth'ring Kings, or the *French* Puritan,
Our Sacrilegious Sects their Guids outgo;
And Kings and Kingly Pow'r wou'd murther too.
VVhat means their Trait'rous Combination less,
Too plain t'evade, too shameful to confess.
But Treason is not own'd when 'tis descry'd;
Successfull Crimes alone are justify'd.
The Men, who no Conspiracy wou'd find,
VVho doubts, but had it taken, they had joyn'd.
Joyn'd, in a mutual Cov'nant of defence;
At first without, at last against their Prince.
If Soveraign Right by Soveraign Pow'r they scan,
The same bold Maxime holds in God and Man:
God were not safe, his Thunder cou'd they shun,
He shou'd be forc'd to crown another Son.
Thus, when the Heir was from the Vineyard thrown,
The rich Possession was the Murth'rers own.
In vain to Sophistry they have recourse:
By proving theirs no Plot, they prove 'tis worse;
Unmask'd Rebellion, and audacious Force.
Which, though not Actual, yet all Eyes may see
'Tis working, in the immediate Pow'r to be;
For, from pretended Grievances they rise,

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First to dislik, and after to despise,
Then, *Cyclop*-like in humane *Flesh* to deal:
Chop up a Minister, at every meal:
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King:
But clip his regal Rights within the Ring.
From thence, t'assume the pow'r of Peace and VVar:
And ease him by degrees of publique Care.
Yet, to consult his Dignity and *Fame*,
He shou'd have leave to exercise the Name:
And hold the Cards, while Commons play'd the game.
For what can Pow'r give more than *Food* and Drink,
To live at ease, and not to be bound to think?
These are the cooler methods of their Crime,
But their hot Zealots think 'tis loss of time:
On utmost bounds of Loyalty they stand:
And grinn and whet like a *Croatian* band,
That waits impatient for the last Command.
Thus Out-laws open Villany maintain:
They steal not, but in Squadrons scoure the Plain,
And, if their pow'r the Passengers subdue,
The Most have right, the wrong is in the Few.
Such impious Axiomes foolishly they show,
For, in some soyls Republiques will not grow,
Our Temp'rate Isle will no extremes sustain,
Of pop'lar sway, or Arbitrary Reign,
But slides between them both into the best,
Secure in freedom, in a Monarch blest.
And though the Clymate, vex't with various winds
Works through our yielding Bodies, on our Minds,
The wholsome Tempest purges what it breeds,
To recommend the Calmness that succeeds.
But thou the pander of the peoples hearts,
O Crooked Soul, and serpentine in arts,
VVhose blandishments, a Loyal Land have whor'd,

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And broke the Bonds she plighted to her Lord;
What Curses on thy blasted Name will fall!
Which Age to Age their Legacy shall call,
For all must curse the Woes that must descend on all.
Religion thou hast none: thy *Mercury*
Has pass'd through every Sect, or theirs through Thee.
But what thou giv'st, that Venom still remains;
And the pox'd Nation feels Thee in their Brains.
What else inspires the Tongues, and swells the Breasts
Of all thy Bellowing Renegado Priests,
That preach up Thee for God: dispence thy Laws:
And with thy Stumm ferment their fainting Cause?
Fresh Fumes of madness raise; and toile and sweat
To make the formidable Cripple great.
Yet, shou'd thy Crimes succeed, shou'd lawless Pow'r
Compass those Ends thy greedy Hopes devour,
Thy Canting Friends thy Mortal Foes wou'd be;
Thy God and theirs will never long agree.
For thine, (if thou hast any,) must be one
That lets the World and Humane-kind alone:
A jolly God, that passes hours too well
To promise Heav'n, or threatn us with Hell.
That unconcern'd can at Rebellion sit;
And wink at Crimes he did himself commit.
A Tyrant theirs; the Heav'n their Priesthood paints
A Conventicle of gloomy sullen Saints;
A Heav'n, like *Bedlam*, slovenly and sad;
Fore-doom'd for Souls, with false Religion, mad.
Without a Vision Poets can fore-show
What all but Fools, by common Sense may know:
If true Succession from our Isle shou'd fail,
And Crowds profane, with impious Arms prevail,
Not Thou, nor those thy Factious Arts ingage
Shall reap that Harvest of Rebellious Rage,
With which thou flatter'st thy decrept Age.

The

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The swelling Poyson of the sev'ral Sects.
Which wanting vent, the Nations Health infects
Shall burst its Bag; and fighting out their way
The various Venoms on each other prey.
The *Presbyter*, puft up with spiritual Pride,
Shall on the Necks of the lewd Nobles ride:
His Brethren damn, the Civil Pow'r defy;
And parcel out Republique Prelacy.
But short shall be his Reign: his rigid Yoke
An Tyrant Pow'r will puny Sects provoke;
And Frogs and Toads, and all the Tadpole Train
Will croak to Heav'n for help, from this devouring Crane.
The Cut-throat Sword and clamorous Gown shal jar,
In shareing their ill-gotten Spoiles of War:
Chiefs shal be grudg'd the part which they pretend;
Lords envy Lords, and Friends with every Friend
About their impious Merit, shall contend.
The surly Commons shall respect deny;
And justle Peerage out with Property.
Their Gen'ral either shal his Trust betray,
And force the Crowd to Arbitrary sway;
Or they suspecting his ambitious Aym.
In hate of Kings shall cast anew the Frame;
And thrust out *Collatine* that bore their Name.
Thus inborn Broyles the Factions wou'd ingage;
Or Wars of Exil'd Heirs, or Foreign Rage,
Till halting Vengeance overtook our Age:
And our wild labours, wearied into Rest,
Reclin'd us on a rightfull Monarch's Breast.

FINIS.

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By Mungo Craig.

Here is a copy in the Library of the Fac. of Advocates which formerly belonged to the indefatigable Rob. Mylne. In it he has written the following Memorandum relative to Kirkhead

"He was hanged and buried at the
"Gallowes foot 8 Janr 1697. but at his
"execution he acknowledged God, ye father
"Son and Holy Ghost and sang a psalm.
"But some Presbyterian Ministers
"followed him to death"

The former binder has cut away one or two lines the deficiency has been supplied from the Fac: Copy.

A catalogue of the books promised to the world by T. Kirk. Gent, the meerest Don Quixot in Nature but one of the principal Patrons of the virtuosi, I would have said worthy Sect.

as great a lover as e're in mortal yet,
That brickly reeling, where the roving light